

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

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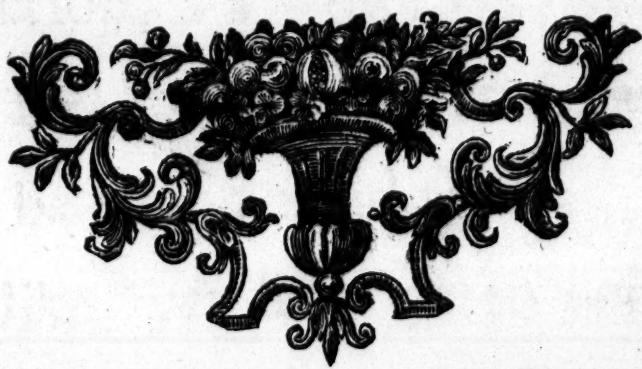
To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. DODDINGTON.

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-----*Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quàm  
Virtutis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.*

M DCC XXV.



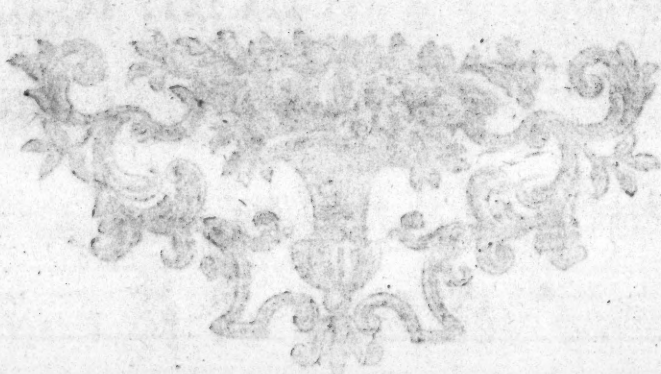
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To the Right Honourable

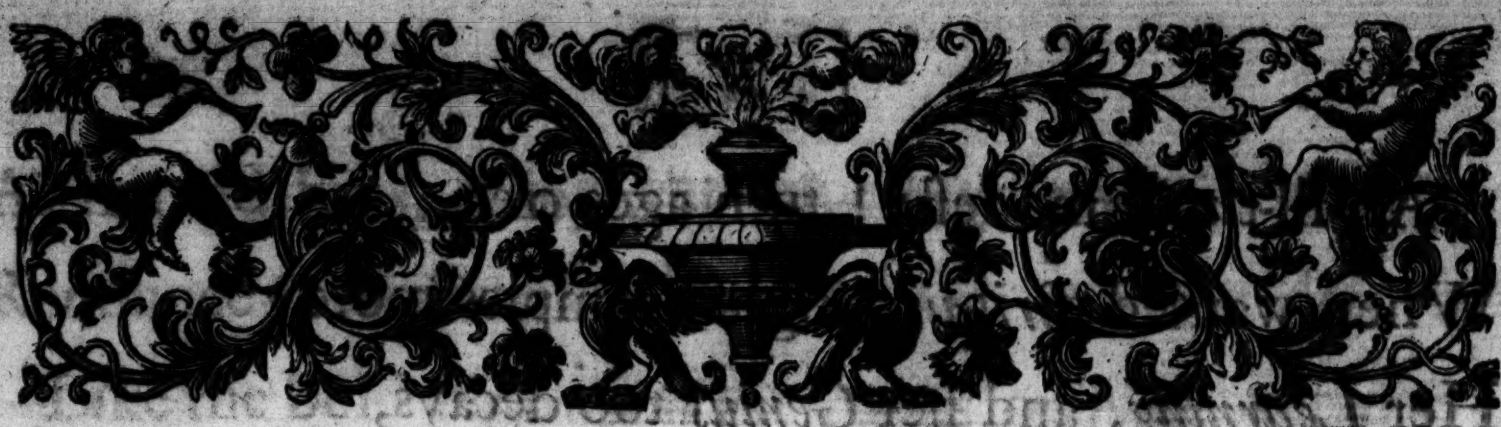
Mr. DODDINGTON.

Printed by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane.  
MDCCLXXV.



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## SATIRE III.



LONG, *Dodington*, in debt, I long have  
sought  
To ease the burthen of my grateful thought;  
And now a poet's gratitude you see,  
Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three:  
For whose the present glory, or the gain?  
You give protection, I a worthless strain:  
You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,  
And know the basis of a solid fame;  
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,  
You read with all the malice of a friend;  
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,  
But more to raise my verse, conceal your own.

B

An



An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,  
 When waned *Britain* bright examples more;  
 Her *Learning*, and her *Genius* too decays,  
 And *dark*, and *cold* are her declining days;  
 As if men now were of another cast,  
 They meanly live on alms of ages past.  
 Men still are men, and they, who boldly dare,  
 Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold Despair;  
 Or, if they fail, they justly still take place  
 Of such, who run in debt for their disgrace,  
 Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,  
 And damn it with Improvements of their own.  
 We bring some new materials, and what's old  
 New-cast with care, and in no borrowed mold;  
 Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,  
 And from sordid Critics vindicate the muse.

"Your work is long," the Critics cry: 'tis true,  
 And lengthens still, to take in fools like you;  
 Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,  
 For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;



As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,  
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,  
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,  
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the Critic's rage,  
And with the fell Destroyer feed my page.  
For what ambitious fools are more to blame  
Than those, who thunder in the Critic's name?  
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in this,  
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

*Balbutius* muffled in his fable cloak,  
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,  
As ravens solemn, and as boading, cries,  
Ten thousand worlds for the Three Unities!  
Ye Doctors sage, who thro' *Parnassus* teach,  
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges, as the weather dictates, right  
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night;  
Another judges by a surer gage,  
An author's principles, or parentage;  
Since his great ancestors in *Flanders* fell,  
The poem, doubtless, must be written well.

Another



Another judges by the writer's look;  
 Another judges, for he bought the book;  
 Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep,  
 Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.  
 Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,  
 To gain themselves, not give the Writer fame.  
 The very Best ambitiously advise,  
 Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise;  
 None are at leisure others to reward;  
 They scarce will damn, but out of self-regard.  
 Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,  
 Proclaim the glory, and augment the state,  
 Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry  
 Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.  
 Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown  
 Than *Compton's* smile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on *books* their Criticism waste,  
 The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,  
 And *eat* their way to fame; with anxious thought  
 The Salmon is refus'd, and Turbot bought.



Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,  
And bids *December* yield the fruits of *May*.

Their various cares in one great point combine,  
The business of their lives, that is — *to dine*,  
Half of their pretious day they give the feast,  
And, to a kind Digestion spare the rest.

*Apicius* here, the taster of the town,  
Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care  
The sacred annals of their bills of fare,  
In those choice books their Panegyricks read,  
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed,  
If man by feeding well commences great,  
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,  
Thieves of renown, and Pilferers of fame;  
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks,  
They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*.  
*Cottil* is apt to wink upon a peer,  
*When turn'd away*, with a familiar leer;



And *H—y's* eyes, unmercifully keen,  
 Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.  
*Niger* adopts stray libels, wisely prone  
 To covet shame, still greater than his own;  
*Bathyllus* in the winter of threescore  
 Belyes his innocence, and keeps a whore;  
 Absence of mind *Brabantio* turns to fame,  
*Learns to mistake*, nor knows his brother's name,  
 Has words, and thoughts in nice disorder set,  
 And takes a memorandum to forget.  
 Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns, or blots,  
 They forge the patents, that create them fops.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,  
 So most grow infamous thro' love of praise;  
 But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,  
 When those, who bring that incense we despise?  
 For such the vanity of great, and small,  
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.  
 Nor can even Satire blame them, for 'tis true  
 They most have ample cause for what they do.



O! fruitful *Britain!* doubtless, thou wast meant  
 A nurse of Fools to stock the continent.  
 Tho' *Phæbus*, and the Nine for ever now,  
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.  
 The plenteous Harvest calls me forward still,  
 'Till I surpass in length my Lawyer's bill,  
 A *Welch* descent, which well-paid Heralds damn,  
 Or, longer still, a *Dutchman's* Epigram.  
 When eloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,  
 In comes a Coxcomb, and I write agen.

See! *Tityrus* with merriment possest,  
 Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest;  
 What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,  
 His teeth will be no whiter than before.  
 Is there of these, ye Ladies! such a dearth,  
 That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth?

Some vain of Paintings, bid the world admire,  
 Of Houses some, may houses that they hire;  
 Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous Wife,  
 And boast, like *Cordeliers*, a scourge for life.

I "

Some-



Sometimes, thro' pride, the Sexes change their airs,  
 My lord has vapours, and my lady swears,  
 Then (stranger still!) on turning of the wind,  
 My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.

To shew the strength, and infamy of pride,  
 By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.

What numbers are there, which at once pursue  
 Praise, and the glory to contemn it too?

To praise himself *Vincenna* knows a shame,

And therefore lays a stratagem for Fame;

Makes his approach in modesty's disguise

To win applause, and takes it by surprize.

"To err, says he, in small things is my fate."

You know your duty, *he's exact in great.*

"My style, says he, is rude, and full of faults."

*But O! what Sense? what energy of Thoughts?*

That he wants Algebra he must confess.

*But not a soul to give our arms success.*

"Ah! that's a hit indeed, *Vincenna* cries;

"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?"



" I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,  
 " To make that hopelefs, ill-advis'd attack;  
 " All fay 'twas madness, nor dare I deny;  
 " Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."  
 Could this deceive in others, to be free,  
 It ne'er, *Vincenna*, cou'd deceive in thee,  
 Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue  
 So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.  
 Thou in one suit wilt thy whole Income wear,  
 And haunt the court, without a prospect there.  
 Are These expedients for Renown? confess  
 Thy *little self*, that I may Scorn thee less.

Be wise, *Vincenna*, and the court forsake,  
 Our fortunes there nor *thou*, nor *I* shall make.  
 Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,  
 In hardy service make a long campaign,  
 Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,  
 And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great  
 With painful art, and application warm,  
 And take at last some little place by storm,  
 Enough to keep two shoes on *sunday* clean,  
 And starve upon discreetly in *Sheer-lane*.



Already this thy fortune can afford,  
 Then starve without the favour of my lord.  
 'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;  
 But often, ev'n in doing right, they else  
 From Caprice, not from Choice, their favours come;  
 They give, but think it toil to know to whom:  
 The man that's nearest, yawning they advance.  
 'Tis *inhumanity* to *blest* by chance.  
 If merit sues, and greatness is so loath  
 To break it's downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court, *Philander*, at his need,  
 (Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.  
 Of every charm, and virtue she's possess.  
*Philander*! thou art exquisitely blest,  
 The publick envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,  
 The man is found, who may be *justly* proud;  
 But, see! how sickly is Ambition's taste?  
 Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast;  
 For lo! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,  
 In secret loves his wife, but Keeps her maid.



Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,  
 And love a market, where the rates run high.  
*Italian* musick's sweet, because 'tis dear;  
 Their vanity is tickled, not their ear;  
 Their tastes wou'd lessen, if the prices fell,  
 And *Shakespear's* wretched stuff do quite as well;  
 Away the disenchanted fair would throng,  
 And own, that *English* is their Mother-tongue.

To shew how much our Northern tastes refine,  
 Imported nymphs our peereſſes out-shine;  
 While Tradesmen starve, these *Philomels* are gay;  
 For generous lords had rather give, than pay.  
 O lavish land for found at such expence!  
 But then she saves it in her bills for sense.

Musick I passionately love, 'tis plain,  
 Since for it's sake such Dramas I sustain.  
 An Opera, like a Pillory, may be said  
 To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

Be-



Behold the Masquerade's fantastick scene!  
 The *Legislature* joyn'd with *Drury-lane*!  
 When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd Patriots run,  
 And serve their country — if the dance is done.  
 "Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"  
 Yes, doubtless, but first set your notions right.  
 Worth of Politeness is the needful ground,  
 Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.  
 Triflers not ev'n in Trifles can excell;  
 'Tis solid bodies only polish well.  
 Great, chosen Prophet! for these latter days,  
 To turn a willing world from righteous ways,  
 Well, *H—r*, dost thou thy master serve,  
 Well has he seen his servant shou'd not starve.  
 Thou to his name hast splendid Temples rais'd,  
 In various forms of Worship seen him prais'd,  
 Gawdy Devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,  
 And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.  
 Inferior off'rings to thy God of Vice  
 Are duly paid in Fiddles, Cards, and Dice;



Thy sacrifice supream an hundred maids!  
 That solemn rite of midnight Masquerades!  
 If maids the quite-exhausted town denies,  
 An hundred head of cuckolds must suffice.  
 Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the converted land,  
 To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.

And, that thy ministry may never fail,  
 But what thy hand has planted still prevail,  
 Of minor prophets a succession sure  
 The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State  
 In solemn council met, and deep debate!  
 What godlike enterprize is taking birth?  
 What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?  
 'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!  
 Fixt is the fate of Whores, and Fiddlestrings!

Tho' bold these truths, thou, muse, with truths like these,  
 Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please;  
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,  
 Like just Tribunals, bend an awful brow.

E

How



How terrible it were to common sense,  
 To write a Satire, which gave none offence;  
 And, since from life I take the draughts you see,  
 If men dislike them, do they censure me?  
 On then, my muse! and Fools, and Knaves expose,  
 And, since thou canst not make a friend, make foes;  
 The fool, and knave 'tis glorious to offend,  
 And godlike an attempt the world to mend,  
 The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,  
*Knaves* know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price?  
 A man shall make his fortune in a trice,  
 If blest with pliant, tho' but slender sense,  
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.  
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,  
 A smile within, a curse upon your face,  
 A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,  
 Are prizes in the lottery of life;  
 Genius, and Virtue they will soon defeat,  
 And lodge you in the bosom of the great.  
 To merit, is but to provide a pain  
 From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May,



May, *Dodington*, this Maxim fail in you,  
 Whom my prefaging thoughts already view  
 By *Walpole's* Conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,  
 Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;  
 And lending here those awful Councils aid,  
 Which you abroad with such success obey'd:  
 Bear this from one, who holds your friendship dear;  
 What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

F I N I S.





May, Dost thou this Maxim fail in you,  
 Whom my prelagging thoughts already view  
 By Walspole's Conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,  
 Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;  
 And lending here those awful Councils aid,  
 Which you abroad with such success obey'd;  
 Bear this from one, who holds your friendship dear,  
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